

A NEW
PROLOGUE

Spoken at the

THEATRE

IN

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS,

On Saturday, July the 8th, 1704.

In Praise of the WELLS.

12. July. 1704.

WHY is great *Phæbus* still'd the God of Lays,
Who proves so great an Enemy to Plays?
Most Products thrive by those prolifick Fires,

By which the Languid, Drooping Stage expires.

The Sun calls forth the Town to Rural Sport,

For Wilds and Fields ye change the Stage and Court,

To *Baths* and *Wells* the *Beaus* and *Belles* Resort.

To *Wells*, that great Receipt which Doctors give;

To *Wells*, by which none but Physicians live.

To *Wells*, that heal the Gout, and cause the Stone;

To *Wells*, that give Ten Pains in curing One.

A

There

There the dull Splenatick is cur'd of Life,
 And the tormented Husband eas'd of Wife.
 For Wife, the worst of Plagues, as some suppose,
 Is carry'd off by *Waters*, or by *Beaus*.
 There painful Love, to Youth the worst Mishap,
 Is cur'd by that most sure Receipt, a Clap.
 There finds a Virgin Help, with Fits upon her,
 Of that most languishing Disease, call'd Honour.
 There the young Squire, sick of his happy Fate,
 Is purg'd of Folly, and a great Estate.
 There Barren Spouse is sent by Trading Sot,
 And there a Pox, or Alderman is got.
 In short, of all Degrees the *Wells* draw some;
 But more are those call'd by the Martial Drum.
 The Tragick Scenes Abroad spoil those at Home.
 Tragick indeed, but Tragick to our Foes;
 Let wide *Germania* Sing, *Germania* knows,
 How much to *Britain's* Bravery she owes.
 To *Anna's* Arms the *Austrian* owes his Crown,
 She saves the Father, and restores the Son.

FINIS.

Printed for B. Lintott, 1704.